



TOUGH AS THEY COME



TOP

**SOCCER STAR
BOBBY
CHARLTON...**



writes a "top" football story about



**...that top
football
character—
"ROY of the
ROVERS"...**

every week in

TIGER

Tuesdays—4½d.

★ *All boys vote—"IT'S TOPS!"*

TOUGH AS THEY COME

IN THE WHOLE OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THERE WERE FEW TERRITORIES MORE FIERCELY CONTESTED THAN THE BEACH-HEAD AT ANZIO IN ITALY. SEVEN MILES DEEP, FIFTEEN MILES WIDE, IT WAS A THORN IN THE ENEMY'S SIDE... AN EVER PRESENT THREAT, SIXTY MILES BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES.



Chapter 1. DEFAULTERS ADRIFT

THE 2ND WESSEX REGIMENT HAD BEEN FIGHTING OFF CONTINUAL ATTACKS ON THEIR SECTOR OF THE PERIMETER FOR DAYS, BUT WERE HOLDING OUT DOGGEDLY WITH THE GALLANTRY FOR WHICH THEIR REGIMENT WAS FAMOUS...



CASUALTIES WERE HEAVY IN THE INCESSANT ATTACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK AND IN THE TRANSIT CAMP AT BIZERTA FRESH DRAFTS WERE CONTINUALLY BEING ORGANISED. AMONGST THE DRAFT FOR THE 2ND WESSEX WERE PRIVATES 'JANKERS' JONES, 'GINGER' COPE AND 'TINY' TOTTERIDGE...



AS THE SERGEANT APPROACHED, JANKERS AND HIS TWO PALS STARED IN INCREDULOUS DISMAY.



AT THE SAME TIME A LOOK OF HORROR CROSSED THE HARD-BITTEN FACE OF SERGEANT CUTTING HIMSELF...



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SERGEANT CUTTING, VETERAN OF MEDJEZ EL BAB, SICILY AND SALERNO, NEARLY HAD A STROKE...

STIFFENING? WHY, YOU HORRIBLE, SCRIMSHANKING SCALLY-WAGS, THE SECOND BATTALION WESSEX IS THE FINEST BATTALION IN THE BRITISH ARMY. AT LEAST, IT WAS... UNTIL YOU JOINED IT!



AN OFFICER CAME UP THEN TO INSPECT THE DRAFT, AND THE SERGEANT CALLED THE MEN TO ATTENTION. AFTERWARDS...

YOU WILL DISMISS NOW. THERE WILL BE NO MORE PARADES UNTIL EMBARKATION PARADE AT 0-FIVE HUNDRED HOURS TOMORROW. REVEILLE WILL BE AT FOUR AND NO ONE IS TO LEAVE CAMP... NO ONE!



THE PARADE HAD BARELY BEEN DISMISSED WHEN THE AIR-RAID SIREN SOUNDED AND SIX JUNKERS 88s FLEW LOW OVER THE CAMP FOR THE FOURTH DAY RUNNING, BOMBING AND MACHINE-GUNNING.



THE TROOPS KNEW THE DRILL, AND SCATTERED, DIVING FOR THE SLIT SHELTER-TRENCHES...

Tough As They Come

JANKERS SAW SERGEANT CUTTING JUMPING INTO ONE OF THE STILL UNOCCUPIED TRENCHES, AND HE TIPPED OFF THE OTHERS...

COME ON,
LADS...LET'S GIVE OLD
CUTTING THE FULL
TREATMENT!



NEXT MOMENT THREE HEAVY BODIES LANDED ON TOP OF THE SERGEANT...



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THE RAID WAS SOON OVER, AND TINY HELPED SERGEANT CUTTING OUT OF THE TRENCH...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SARN'T? YOU
LOOK TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE! YOU'RE
ALL OF A TREMBLE!

YOU DON'T WANT TO GET
UPSET BY THESE SNEAK RAIDS.
IN THE FIRST BATTALION WE
NEVER TOOK ANY NOTICE
OF 'EM, SERGEANT.

TIME
YOU'VE SEEN
A BIT OF ACTION YOU
WON'T THINK ANYTHING
OF 'EM!

CHOKING WITH RAGE, THE SERGEANT LET FLY WITH A BLISTERING BROADSIDE...

YOU'RE AN INSUBORDINATE,
MUTINOUS BUNCH OF NO-GOOD
WASHOUTS, AND IF WE WEREN'T
EMBARKING TO-MORROW
I'D LUMBER THE
LOT OF YOU!

WHY, SARN'T, ALL.
WE WERE THINKING
OF WAS YOUR
SAFETY!

THAT'S
RIGHT. I WAS
PROTECTING YOU WITH
MY OWN BODY FROM
THE BOMBS AND
BULLETS.

Tough As They Come

EVENTUALLY SERGEANT CUTTING STAMPED OFF, BREATHING THREATS. AT ONCE THE THREE PRIVATES BEGAN TO PLAN THEIR NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT...

HOW ABOUT SLIPPING OUT AFTER DARK, THROUGH THE PALM GROVE? EASY ENOUGH TO DODGE THE CAMP GUARDS!



THAT'S IT, AND AS LONG AS WE GET BACK IN PLENTY OF TIME FOR REVEILLE NO ONE WILL KNOW.

WHEN DARKNESS-FELL, JANKERS AND CO., WERE SOON ON THEIR WAY TO BIZERTA...

DOZY LOT, THESE TRANSIT CAMP GUARDS! THIS IS BETTER THAN PLAYING DOMINOES IN THE NAAFI!



THEY MET SOME AMERICANS IN THE TOWN, AND HAD A HIGH OLD TIME UNTIL TWO IN THE MORNING.



BUT WHEN THEY RETURNED TO CAMP THEY GOT A SHOCK, FOR IT WAS NEARLY EMPTY. A MAN WHO HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND BECAUSE HE WAS SICK, TOLD THEM THE HORRIFYING FACTS...

ALL THE DRAFTS HAVE LEFT! CHANGE OF ORDERS. THEY WERE PARADED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, AND MARCHED OUT SOON AFTERWARDS. LUMME, YOU BLOKES ARE GOING TO BE FOR IT!



THAT MORNING, THREE MEN WERE ON THE CARPET IN FRONT OF A STONY-FACED CAMP COMMANDANT...

I COULD ARREST YOU FOR DESERTION, BUT I'LL LEAVE YOUR OWN UNIT TO DEAL WITH YOU. OTHER DRAFTS WILL BE LEAVING FOR ANZIO AT THE END OF THE WEEK. YOU WILL BE ON ONE.



Tough As They Come

FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS JANKERS AND CO. WERE KEPT BUSY ON PUNISHMENT FATIGUES. THEN A BULLET-SCARRED OFFICER FROM ANOTHER REGIMENT, CAPTAIN HARBORD, WHO WAS BEING SECONDED TO THE 2ND, WESSEX AS INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, ARRIVED.

YOU THREE MEN, AS DEFAULTERS FROM THE LAST DRAFT, HAVE BEEN PLACED IN MY CHARGE. WE EMBARK TO-MORROW AND THIS TIME YOU'D BETTER BE THERE!

OFFICE
MES



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WITH SCORES OF MEN FROM OTHER UNITS, THE THREE PRIVATES WENT ABOARD THE DESTROYER, H.M.S. LYNX.

WHAT DO THEY THINK WE ARE, SIR? A TROOPSHIP? I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING TO PUT THEM ALL!

IT'S A RUSH JOB, NUMBER ONE. WE WILL HAVE TO CRAM THEM IN SOMEWHERE.



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BY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, THE CONVOY WAS JUST OFF ANZIO... AND IT WAS THEN THAT THE GERMANS STRUCK. PARACHUTE FLARES LIT THE SHIPS WITH A HARSH GLARE AND JUNKER'S 88'S SWOOPED IN LOW WITH BOMBS AND TORPEDOES.



THE SKY WAS ALIVE WITH RIPPLING TRACER AND THE BLOOD-RED GLOW OF FIRES ADDED A MACABRE TOUCH TO THE SCENE. H.M.S. LYNX WAS ONE OF THE SHIPS SET ABLAZE AND THE FLAMES SEEMED TO DRAW THE ENEMY BOMBERS LIKE A CANDLE ATTRACTS THE MOTHS.

A TORPEDO RIPPED VICIOUSLY INTO THE DESTROYER'S HULL AND AS SHE HEELED OVER, WATER BEGAN TO POUR IN TO THE MESS DECK BELOW, WHERE THE TROOPS WERE CRAMMED TIGHTLY...

UP ON DECK, LADS!
COME ON...GET MOVING!



THE FIRST SIGNS OF PANIC WERE QUICKLY DISPELLED BY JANKERS' CHEERY VOICE WHICH ROSE ABOVE THE NOISE OF BATTLE...

DON'T RUSH, GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE, PLENTY OF ROOM
IN THE TWO-AND-NINES!



THE STRICKEN *ZYXX* WAS SINKING FAST. THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOWER BOATS, BUT SOME OF THE RATINGS CUT FREE THE CARLEY FLOATS WHILE THE TROOPS TORE OFF THEIR HEAVY EQUIPMENT...



A DIVING GERMAN PLANE VICIOUSLY MACHINE-GUNNED THE DECKS AS THE MEN BEGAN TO ABANDON SHIP.

JUST BEFORE THE DOOMED DESTROYER TOOK HER FINAL PLUNGE, GINGER AND HIS TWO PALS DIVED INTO THE SEA.



COME ON, YOU BLOKES! LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE WE ARE SUCKED UNDER!

JANKERS AND GINGER SCRAMBLED ON TO AN INFLATABLE RAFT, BUT THEIR HEARTS SANK WHEN THEY SAW THAT TINY WAS NOT WITH THEM...



LISTEN...
THAT'S
TINY!

THE
CURRENT SEEMS
TO BE CARRYING
HIM AWAY.

PADDLING FRANTICALLY, THEY EVENTUALLY FOUND TINY AND HAULED HIM ON TO THE RAFT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
DON'T YOU LIKE BEING WITH
US ANY MORE?

I TRIED TO
GET ON A RAFT, BUT IT
WAS FULL AND NEARLY
SINKING. SO I SWAM...
AND GOT CARRIED AWAY.
THERE'S A BLINKING
STRONG CURRENT.



THE RUBBER RAFT WAS IN THE GRIP OF A STRONG CURRENT AND THE THREE PRIVATES FOUND THEMSELVES DRIFTING AWAY FROM WHERE BOATS FROM THE ESCORT CRAFT WERE PICKING UP THE SUNKEN DESTROYER'S SURVIVORS...

DOESN'T LOOK VERY HEALTHY
BACK THERE, JANKERS. OUR BEST
CHANCE IS TO MAKE FOR
THE BEACH ON OUR
OWN!



OKAY.
IT'S WHERE THIS
CURRENT AND THE WIND
IS CARRYING US,
ANYHOW!

UNKNOWN TO THEM, ANOTHER SURVIVOR WAS PADDLING A DINGHY TOWARDS THE SHORE, THREE HUNDRED YARDS OR SO TO THE NORTH. HE WAS CAPTAIN HARBORD, WHO HAD ALSO FOUND HIMSELF ALONE...



THE TIDE SWEEP CAPTAIN HARBORD'S DINGHY UP ON TO THE BEACH AND AS HE SCRAMBLED OUT THERE WAS A SHOUT, AND THE CRACKLE OF A RIFLE. A BULLET WHISTLED PAST HIS HEAD...



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BUT THE SHOUT ONLY BROUGHT ANOTHER BURST OF FIRING, AND AS THE CAPTAIN THREW HIMSELF FLAT, THE ICY TRUTH DAWNED ON HIM...

JERRIES,
BY GLORY!



HE HAD LANDED IN ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY. NEXT MOMENT, A GERMAN PATROL CLATTERED TOWARDS HIM, AND THE CAPTAIN, GRIMLY DETERMINED NOT TO SURRENDER, OPENED FIRE...



IT WAS A GALLANT BUT
HOPELESS STAND
AGAINST ODDS...



THE GERMANS
ADVANCED MORE
CAUTIOUSLY WHEN
THE FIRING CEASED...
AND FOUND THE
OFFICER ALIVE BUT
BADLY WOUNDED.

HIMMEL! AN
ENGLANDER OFFICER!
HE IS HIT IN THE
CHEST!

HE WILL BE
WANTED FOR QUESTIONING.
GET TWO MEN WITH
A STRETCHER
FROM THE AID
POST.



Chapter 2. BEHIND ENEMY LINES

MEANWHILE, A FEW HUNDRED YARDS TO THE SOUTH, JANKERS, GINGER AND TINY HAD HEARD THE SHOTS, AND THE MOMENT THEIR RAFT BEACHED, THEY DASHED TO THE SHELTER OF A NEARBY GULLY THAT RAN INLAND.

THOSE BLOKES WERE SHOUTING IN GERMAN JUST NOW! ONE OF OUR LADS MUST HAVE COME ASHORE LIKE US... AND STUMBLED INTO THE JERRIES!

LUMME! THAT MEANS WE'RE OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER!

THAT'S IT. WE'RE BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES!

HURRIEDLY, THE TRIO HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH WINNING SOME...FROM THE JERRIES?

WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF JUST GIVING OURSELVES UP, BUT WE'VE GOT NO WEAPONS!

THAT'S IT. AFTER ALL, THE JERRIES DON'T KNOW WE ARE HERE, AND THAT'S SOMETHING. AND IF WE CAN'T SCROUNGE A LIVING, WHO CAN?

THE THUNDER OF GUNS WAS HEAVY IN THE SKY AS THEY MOVED UP THE GULLY. TWO MILES INLAND, SEVERAL SHELLS, SEARCHING FOR A GERMAN BATTERY, CRASHED JUST AHEAD OF THEM. IN A LULL, THEY HEARD MEN APPROACHING, AND DIVED FOR COVER.



TWO GERMANS CAME INTO VIEW, UNROLLING A DRUM OF TELEPHONE WIRE.

THE GERMANS TOOK A BREATHER WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE CROUCHING ENGLISHMEN AND TINY, TRYING TO MAKE HIMSELF SMALLER, DISLODGED SOME STONES WHICH WENT RATTLING DOWN THE SLOPE.



WHO IS THERE?

FINGERS ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR GUNS, THE GERMANS STEPPED WARILY UP THE SLOPE TO INVESTIGATE...



Tough As They Come

TINY'S ROCK-LIKE FIST CRASHED AGAINST THE FIRST MAN'S JAW BEFORE HE COULD PRESS THE TRIGGER, WHILE JANKERS AND GINGER JUMPED THE OTHER GERMAN.



TINY AND GINGER SNATCHED UP THE STUNNED GERMANS' RIFLES AND CRAMMED THEIR POCKETS WITH SPARE AMMUNITION.



COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO GET MILES AWAY FROM HERE! WHEN THE JERRIES FIND THESE TWO, THEY WILL COMB THE AREA.

THE THREE MEN WERE SOON PRESSING ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, AVOIDING MAIN ROADS AND ISOLATED GUN POSITIONS, UNTIL THEY CAME AT LAST TO THE EDGE OF SOME WOODS NEAR A SHATTERED, DESERTED VILLAGE. BY THEN THE MOON HAD RISEN.



KEEPING IN THE COVER OF AN IRRIGATION DITCH, THEY STOLE TOWARDS THE FARM. BUT WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM IT A SENTRY EMERGED FROM THE SHADOWS AND SHOUTED A CHALLENGE. AS HE CAME FORWARD TO INVESTIGATE, TINY, GINGER AND JANKERS FLUNG THEMSELVES DOWN...



Tough As They Come

IT WAS A HEART-STOPPING MOMENT... BUT THE SENTRY PAUSED, THEN TURNED AWAY. THEY CRAWLED BACK INTO THE COVER OF THE COPSE, AND WHILE ONE KEPT WATCH, THE OTHERS SLEPT. IN THE MORNING, A STAFF CAR DROVE UP TO THE FARM AND TWO OFFICERS GOT OUT...

NO WONDER THERE'S A GUARD ON THAT FARM. IT'S A HEADQUARTERS!

YES... A CORPS H.Q. BY THE LOOK OF IT.

AND YOU TALKED ABOUT GETTING MILK AND EGGS FROM IT, JANKERS. FAT CHANCE!

JANKERS WAS DETERMINED AND THOUGHTFUL AS HE TURNED TO THE OTHERS...

LISTEN, YOU BLOKES, I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY, BUT WE CAN'T SCROUNGE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT... IT'S TOO RISKY. WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE HERE AND LIE LOW TILL DARK; THEN WE'LL PROWL AROUND AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND.

SOUNDS REASONABLE!

DO WHAT YOU THINK BEST, JANKERS, MATE!

LATER THAT SAME MORNING, THE BADLY WOUNDED CAPTAIN HARBORD WAS TAKEN TO THE GERMAN H.Q. IN THE FARM FOR INTERROGATION BY THE CORPS INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

WELL, THAT INJECTION WILL EASE HIS PAIN, AND SEND HIM TO SLEEP FOR A BIT. WHEN HE COMES ROUND, HE WILL TALK FREELY WITHOUT REALISING IT.



GOOD! THESE ENGLANDERS ARE USUALLY SO STUPIDLY STUBBORN WHEN THEY ARE QUESTIONED.

THE DOCTOR WAS RIGHT, FOR WHEN CAPTAIN HARBORD'S DRUGGED MIND GROPED TOWARDS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE ANSWERED QUESTIONS AS IF IN A DREAM.

... THEN YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN TO THE SECOND WESSEX BATTALION BEFORE, AND YOU KNOW NO ONE IN IT?

I DON'T KNOW ANYONE, AND THEY DON'T KNOW ME. I'M FROM ANOTHER REGIMENT!



Tough As They Come

AFTERWARDS, THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER HAD AN INSPIRATION WHICH HE EAGERLY DISCUSSED WITH THE CHIEF STAFF OFFICER.

YOU SEE, IT IS CERTAIN THAT THIS OFFICER IS NOT KNOWN IN THE UNIT WHICH HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN. OUR HAUPTMANN SCHMIDT IS ABOUT HIS AGE AND BUILD, AND WE HAVE THE ENGLANDER'S PAPERS HERE. WHY NOT SEND SCHMIDT TO IMPERSONATE HIM?

H'MM/JA...IT MIGHT WORK! BUT HOW CAN WE GET SCHMIDT INTO THE ENEMY BEACH-HEAD?



SINCE THAT BRITISH DESTROYER AND THOSE OTHER SHIPS WERE SUNK, SEVERAL SURVIVORS HAVE BEEN SWIMMING ASHORE TO THE ENEMY BEACH-HEAD. SEVERAL MORE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY TURN UP IN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. SCHMIDT CAN MAKE OUT HE IS ONE OF THEM.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, SCHMIDT, A JUNIOR MEMBER OF CORPS INTELLIGENCE, STOOD BEFORE HIS CHIEF, WHO BRIEFED HIM.

YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THIS DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT TASK, SCHMIDT, BECAUSE YOU SPEAK ENGLISH PERFECTLY. BUT YOU MUST REALISE, OF COURSE, THAT IF YOU ARE EVER CAUGHT YOU WILL BE SHOT AS A SPY!



I SHALL BE PROUD, IF NECESSARY, TO DIE FOR THE FATHERLAND, HERR OBERST.

MEANWHILE JANKERS, GINGER AND TINY HAD PASSED THE LONG, HOT DAYLIGHT HOURS IN HIDING. AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL THEY SALLIED FORTH, AND EVENTUALLY CAME TO WHAT MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN A RATION DUMP. BY THEN, THEY WERE RAVENOUS...

YOU LADS STAY HERE WHILE I GO AND SCROUNGE SOME GRUB!

WATCH OUT FOR THE JERRY SENTRIES!

BRING SOMETHING BACK, JANKERS, OR I SHALL HAVE TO EAT ME BOOTS!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER JANKERS HAD SUPPED INTO THE DARKNESS, THE SKY VIBRATED WITH THE ROAR OF APPROACHING AIRCRAFT. THEY WERE BOMBERS...THEIR TARGET, THE SUPPLY DUMP. BOMB AFTER BOMB RAINED DOWN, ONE A BARE FIFTY YARDS FROM THE DITCH.

LUMME!
IS JANKERS IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THAT LOT?

NOTHING
EVER HAPPENS
TO OLD JANKERS...
HE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!

Tough As They Come

THE RAID ENDED AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEGUN. A CLOUD OF SMOKE AND DUST HUNG OVER THE DUMP AND DULL RED GLOWS INDICATED THAT FIRES HAD BEEN STARTED. AS TINY AND GINGER PEERED ANXIOUSLY TOWARDS THE TARGET, JANKERS SUDDENLY CAME UP BEHIND THEM...



THEIR HUNGER SATISFIED AT LAST, THE THREE PRIVATES WERE ABOUT TO MOVE OFF WHEN A LONE DESPATCH RIDER ROARED PAST OBVIOUSLY ON HIS WAY TO THE HEADQUARTERS.



IT TOOK JANKERS ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO RIP A LENGTH OF TELEPHONE WIRE FROM A POLE AND MAKE ONE END FAST TO A TREE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD. THEN HE WAITED PATIENTLY WITH THE OTHER END SLACK IN HIS HAND, AND THE WIRE LYING HARMLESSLY IN THE ROAD. SURE ENOUGH, THE DESPATCH RIDER RETURNED VERY SHORTLY...



AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, JANKERS
TIGHTENED THE WIRE AND TOOK A
SWIFT TURN AROUND A TREE. A FEW
SECONDS LATER, THE DESPATCH-
RIDER HIT THE WIRE...



JANKERS LEAPED INTO THE ROAD, SNATCHED UP THE
STUNNED MAN'S TOMMY-GUN AND AMMUNITION AND
A TORCH FROM HIS VICTIM'S POCKET.

JUST
THE JOB! NOW
WE'RE ALL ARMED.
WHAT'S MORE, MOST
OF THIS AMMO
IS TRACER.
WICKED
STUFF!

COME
ON!

LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE BEFORE
SOMEBODY
COMES!



Tough As They Come

FED AND ARMED, THE THREE TOUGH PRIVATES TOOK STOCK OF THEIR POSITION. THAT NIGHT, THEY FOUND A LARGE PETROL DUMP NEAR A RUINED FACTORY. THE GERMAN SENTRY KNEW NOTHING UNTIL A STREAM OF TRACERS RIPPED INTO THE PETROL DRUMS...



WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR, THE WHOLE DUMP EXPLODED IN BLACK SMOKE AND LURID FLAME.



WITHIN THIRTY MINUTES, A REPORT OF THE INCIDENT WAS BROUGHT TO GENERAL ZIEGEN, THE CORPS COMMANDER, A BULGING GLUTTON OF A MAN, BUT A CRAFTY, RUTHLESS SOLDIER.

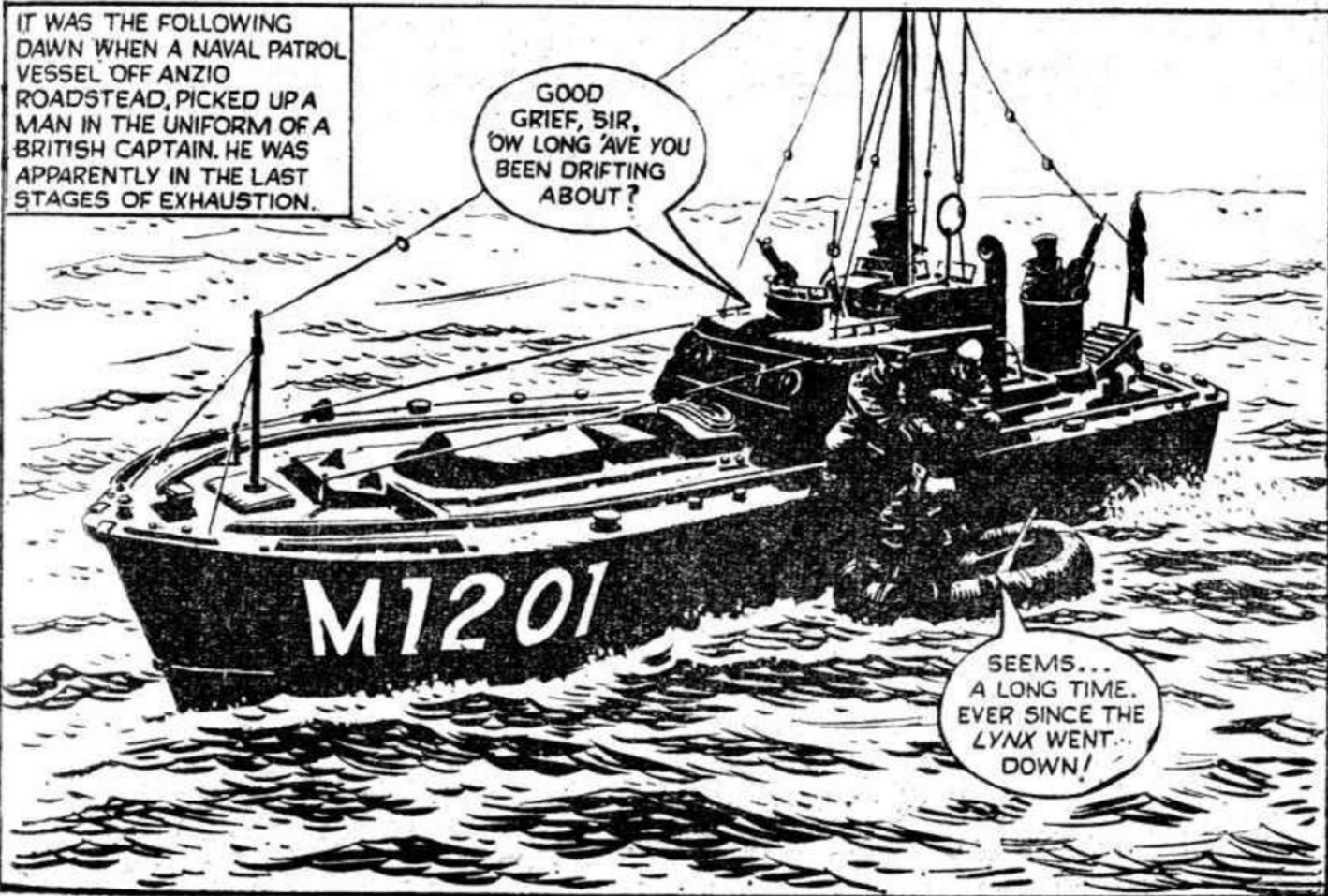
...AND WHILE I AM PLANNING A BATTLE WE HAVE ENEMY AGENTS AND SABOTEURS RUNNING LOOSE BEHIND OUR LINES! THIS IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, SCHAATZ! DOUBLE ALL SENTRIES ON DUMPS AND ORGANISE A THOROUGH SEARCH... FIND THOSE SABOTEURS!



JAWOHL, HERR GENERAL!

IT WAS THE FOLLOWING DAWN WHEN A NAVAL PATROL VESSEL OFF ANZIO ROADSTEAD, PICKED UP A MAN IN THE UNIFORM OF A BRITISH CAPTAIN. HE WAS APPARENTLY IN THE LAST STAGES OF EXHAUSTION.

GOOD GRIEF, SIR, 'OW LONG 'AVE YOU BEEN DRIFTING ABOUT?



SEEMS... A LONG TIME. EVER SINCE THE LYNX WENT DOWN!

Tough As They Come

AFTER A MEAL AND A SHORT REST IN A FIRST-AID POST ASHORE, SCHMIDT REPORTED TO COLONEL STRANG OF THE 2ND, WESSEX, WHO WERE IN RESERVE.

WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY HAD A TOUGH TIME, HARBORD! YOU COULD DO WITH A REST FOR A DAY OR TWO, EH?

NO, SIR, I'D LIKE TO GET CRACKING. AS INTELLIGENCE OFFICER I SHOULD LIKE TO GET THE HANG OF THIS FRONT BEFORE WE GO BACK INTO ACTION!

MEANWHILE, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT SPECIAL MEASURES WERE BEING TAKEN TO ROUND THEM UP, JANKERS AND CO. WERE SLEEPING IN AN OVERGROWN CEDAR COPSE WHEN GINGER SAT UP SUDDENLY, ROUSED BY SOME INSTINCT.

HEY, YOU BLOKES! WAKE UP! JERRIES... BEATING THROUGH THE WOOD...

THEY STARTED TO SLIP OFF, ONLY TO FIND THAT ANOTHER LINE OF GERMANS WAS COMING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION. THEN THE CHILL REALISATION THAT THEY WERE SURROUNDED SWEEPED OVER JANKERS.

OUR ONLY WAY OUT IS UP!

THROUGH THE LONG GRASS AND UNDERGROWTH THE GERMANS WADED, MOVING EVER CLOSER TO THE ENGLISHMEN'S HIDING-PLACE UNTIL AT LAST, THE LINES MET ALMOST UNDER THE BIG CEDAR. THE FUGITIVES SCARCELY DARED TO BREATHE BUT NOT ONCE DID THE ENEMY LOOK UP...



AS SOON AS THE SEARCHERS HAD NOISILY MOVED OFF OUT OF SIGHT, THE TRIO CLAMBERED DOWN FROM THE TREE AND HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

WE'LL BE SAFE HERE FOR A WHILE, BUT PERHAPS WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE JERRIES ALONE FOR A BIT. WHAT SAY?

NOT BLINKING LIKELY! OUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL DO ALL THE DAMAGE WE CAN WHILE WE STILL HAVE THE CHANCE...



THAT NIGHT THEY LIFTED SEVERAL LANDMINES FROM AN AMMUNITION DUMP RIGHT UNDER THE SENTRY'S NOSES AND PLANTED THEM IN THE ROAD LEADING TO CORPS H.Q....

...LATEST GERMAN TYPES. JUST PULL OUT THE PIN, LIKE YOU DO IN A GRENADE, AND IT'S READY FOR BUSINESS.



Tough As They Come!

WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, A CRASHING EXPLOSION TOLD THEM THAT THE MINES HAD CLAIMED THEIR FIRST VICTIM... IT WAS A GERMAN SUPPLY LORRY...



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS, A CONVOY OF PETROL TANKERS TRIED TO BYPASS THE WRECKED LORRY, AND THE LEADING VEHICLE PROMPTLY HIT A MINE HIDDEN IN THE VERGE. THE RESULT WAS CATASTROPHIC...



ELATED BY THEIR SUCCESS, JANKERS AND CO. SWIFTLY MOVED OFF ACROSS THE FIELDS. THEY HAD TRAVELLED SOME DISTANCE WHEN A HIDDEN BATTERY SUDDENLY WENT INTO ACTION ONLY A FEW YARDS AHEAD, ALMOST DEAFENING THEM.

OUCH!
MY EARS!
THUNDER! DIDN'T
KNOW THEY WERE
THERE!



INSTANTLY, THE THREE DARTED AWAY FOR COVER BUT THEY HAD BEEN SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF THE MUZZLE-FLASHES AND A SHOUT WENT UP BEHIND THEM...

ACHTUNG!
ENGLANDERS!

THAT'S
TORN
IT!

HEAD FOR
THE VILLAGE BEYOND
THE HEADQUARTERS.
WE'LL HIDE
THERE.



BUT THE BATTERY MUST HAVE ALERTED H.Q. FOR WHEN THE THREE FUGITIVES REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE, THEY SAW STEEL-HELMETED FIGURES CUTTING IN AHEAD OF THEM.



THEY DIVED BEHIND TUMBLEDOWN BRICK WALLS SURROUNDING AN OVERGROWN GARDEN...AND TINY HAD ONLY TAKEN TWO STEPS WHEN THE GROUND GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM AND HE DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW.



LUMME/
TINY'S
FALLEN DOWN
A HOLE!



TINY/
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

YES, COME
ON DOWN...IT'S
SOME KIND OF...
TUNNEL!

JANKERS AND GINGER NEEDED NO FURTHER BIDDING FOR THEY COULD HEAR THE GERMANS APPROACHING FAST. THEY QUICKLY SLITHERED DOWN THROUGH THE SLIT, AND IN A FEW SECONDS, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AND GUTTURAL VOICES SOUNDED ABOVE THEIR HEADS.



THE GERMANS TRAMPED BACK AND FORTH ABOUT THE RUINS, BUT THE GROUND THAT HAD CAVED IN ESCAPED THEIR NOTICE FOR IT WAS HIDDEN BY LONG GRASS...

THE ENGLANDERS ARE NOT HERE!



AT LAST, THEY MOVED OFF AND WHEN ALL WAS QUIET, JANKERS GOT OUT HIS TORCH AND LED THE WAY INTO THE TUNNEL.

YES, AND IT SEEMS TO BE RUNNING TOWARDS THE SEA.

IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD SEWER!

IF IT DOES, IT MEANS IT LEADS TOWARDS OUR LINES... WE HOPE!



THE SLIMY WALLS OF THE TUNNEL STRETCHED ENDLESSLY BEFORE THEM, BUT IT HAD BECOME THEIR MAIN HOPE OF ESCAPE AND THEY TRUDGED DOGGEDLY ALONG, ANKLE DEEP IN EVIL-SMELLING MUD...

ISN'T THIS BLINKING TUNNEL EVER GOING TO END?

WE MUST HAVE BEEN GOING FOR HOURS.

MUST BE AN OUTLET SOMEWHERE CLOSE. THE AIR IS GETTING FRESHER!



THE THREE MEN HAD LOST ALL COUNT OF TIME WHEN THEY CAME TO A PLACE WHERE THE ROOF HAD CAVED IN. JANKERS, WITH A BOOST FROM TINY, SCRAMBLED OUT TO FIND HIMSELF IN A RAVINE...



Tough As They Come

THE TRIO MOVED CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE RAVINE AND, SUDDENLY, A TOMMY-GUN CHATTERED DEAFENINGLY. AS THEY THREW THEMSELVES FLAT, A STORM OF LEAD SCREAMED OVER THEIR HEADS...

HECK!
WE MUST
STILL BE IN JERRY
TERRITORY!



NEXT MOMENT, HOWEVER, TWO FIGURES CAME FORWARD WARILY, AND JANKERS RECOGNISED THE SHAPE OF AMERICAN HELMETS...

HEY,
YANK, DON'T
SHOOT...WE'RE
BRITISH!

SORRY,
BUDDY, ABOUT THAT...
BUT THERE'S AN AMMUNITION
DUMP HERE, AND WE'VE GOT
ORDERS TO SHOOT FIRST AND
ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS...



Chapter 3. THE IMPOSTOR

ALTHOUGH THE 2ND WESSEX WERE BIVOUACED IN A VILLAGE NOT MORE THAN A MILE AWAY, IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF THE MORNING BEFORE THE THREE FOUND THEM. OUTSIDE BATTALION H.Q. THEY SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE...



SERGEANT CUTTING SAW THE THREE DISHEVELLED SOLDIERS AND HIS EYES BLAZED AND A VOICE WHICH HAD FRIGHTENED EVERY RECRUIT TO THE WESSEX OVER THE YEARS, RANG OUT LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER...

SO YOU'VE FINALLY DECIDED TO REPORT FOR DUTY, EH? WELL, YOU DODGED THE DRAFT BACK IN BIZERTA...AND THAT IS DESERTING. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



JANKERS WAS RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT...

ARREST? US? WHY, WE'VE JUST COME FROM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES WITH VALUABLE INFORMATION!

YES, SARGE, WE DEMAND TO SEE THE COLONEL!



DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE CO... RIGHT NOW!

Tough As They Come

WITHIN A MINUTE, THE THREE PRIVATES WERE STANDING RIGIDLY TO ATTENTION BEFORE COLONEL STRANGE.



BUT WHEN JANKERS TOLD HIS STARTLING STORY, THE COLONEL LISTENED IN UTTER AMAZEMENT.

GREAT SCOTT! IF THESE MEN ARE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS TUNNEL IT COULD OFFER US A GREAT OPPORTUNITY!

WE CAN PROVE WE'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, SIR. WE CAN SHOW YOU THE SEWER, AND LEAD YOU RIGHT BEHIND THE JERRY LINES IF YOU WANT US TO.



THE C.O. WAS SO IMPRESSED THAT HE CALLED FOR HIS JEEP AT ONCE AND WITH HIS ADJUTANT AND JANKERS RATTLED ACROSS COUNTRY TO THE LOCATION OF THE TUNNEL.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR US TO PASS A RAIDING PARTY THROUGH HERE INTO ENEMY TERRITORY. GET BRIGADE TO GIVE US THEIR APPROVAL, HARRY... AND FIX IT WITH THE YANKS!

YES, SIR!

HARBORD WILL BE THE MAN TO LEAD THIS RAID, HE SPEAKS GERMAN, BUT HE'S ON A ROVING MISSION AT THE MOMENT. HOPE HE'S BACK IN TIME, WE'LL SEND THEM TO-NIGHT. JONES HERE AND THE OTHER TWO MEN CAN ACT AS GUIDES, IF THEY REST AND FEED UP IN THE MEANTIME THEY SHOULD BE FIT...



AT THAT MOMENT, THE BOGUS 'CAPTAIN HARBORD' WAS MAKING A NOTE OF THE POSITION OF SOME OF THE AMERICAN BATTERIES...

HOW VERY CONVENIENT THIS 'INTELLIGENCE OFFICER' JOB IS!



AN HOUR LATER, GENERAL LOCKWOOD, THE BRIGADIER, GAVE HIS WHOLE-HEARTED APPROVAL TO THE RAID AND EVERYTHING WAS LAID ON. JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL, THE ADJUTANT BRIEFED THE THIRTY CHOSEN MEN...

...IF CAPTAIN HARBORD IS NOT BACK IN TIME, YOU WILL BE LED BY LIEUTENANT DREW. SERGEANT CUTTING WILL BE SENIOR N.C.O. YOUR MAIN TASK IS TO RAID THE GERMAN CORPS H.Q. ...



Tough As They Come

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BY 22.00 HOURS, THE RAIDERS WERE LINED UP OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL OPENING, WAITING FOR CAPTAIN HARBORD.

WELL, SARN'T, YOU HAD TO GET THREE FIRST BATTALION MEN TO SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT, DIDN'T YOU?

GAH! YOU PACK O'...



SERGEANT CUTTING'S FIERY OUTBURST WAS STIFLED AS CAPTAIN HARBORD ARRIVED, AFTER HAVING BEEN RUSHED UP FROM BATTALION H.Q.

EVERYTHING READY, SIR!

RIGHT...WE MAY AS WELL START. PUT THE MAN, JONES, IN THE LEAD, SERGEANT!



IN THE DARKNESS, AND BECAUSE HIS FACE WAS BLACKENED, THE GERMAN'S DARING IMPERSONATION DID NOT AROUSE THE SUSPICIONS OF JANKERS, GINGER OR TINY.

Tough As They Come

LED BY A COLD-BLOODED GERMAN WHOSE ONE AIM WAS TO DESTROY THEM, THE RAIDERS MOVED ALONG THE TUNNEL...

ONCE OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE I'LL LEAD THEM STRAIGHT TO OUR S.S. REGIMENT'S LINES. NOT ONE OF THEM WILL GET AWAY!



IN THE RAIDERS' OBJECTIVE, THE GERMAN CORPS H.Q., GENERAL ZIEGEN WAS HOLDING AN ALL-NIGHT CONFERENCE DEALING WITH HIS PLANS FOR A BREAK-THROUGH ATTACK...

PUT THAT TRAY ON ONE SIDE FOR NOW! WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, GENTLEMEN, THESE ARE THE DISPOSITIONS I HAVE MADE, AND THE TROOPS ARE IN THE POSITIONS SHOWN.



JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, THE RAIDERS BEGAN TO EMERGE FROM THE GERMAN END OF THE TUNNEL AFTER JANKERS HAD SCOUTED AND FOUND THE AREA DESERTED.

LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND UP, SIR!



THE TOUGH PRIVATE GRIPPED THE OFFICER'S HAND AND A PUZZLED FROWN CREASED HIS RUGGED FACE...

THAT'S FUNNY... NOW WHAT...



ONCE ALL THE RAIDERS WERE OUT, THE BOGUS CAPTAIN TOOK OVER AND STARTED TO LEAD THEM... IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.



IN ONE HEART-STOPPING MOMENT, JANKERS REALISED WHAT IT WAS THAT HAD PUZZLED HIM AND THE SPINE-CHILLING TRUTH SWEEPED OVER HIM.

WAIT!
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG HERE.
I REMEMBER NOW—
CAPTAIN HARBORD
HAD A BADLY
WOUNDED LEFT HAND.
THIS ISN'T CAPTAIN
HARBORD!



HARBORD CLAWED HIS REVOLVER FROM THE HOLSTER AT HIS SIDE AND STARK MURDER FLARED IN HIS EYES...

YOU
MUTINIOUS
DOG!



NEXT MOMENT TINY'S LEG OF MUTTON FIST CRASHED AGAINST THE IMPOSTOR'S CHIN...

WHAT
THE BLUE
BLAZES IS GOING ON?
ARE YOU MEN
CRAZY?



Tough As They Come

JANKERS MADE AN URGENT WHISPERED APPEAL TO THE SERGEANT...

SARGE...YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US! HE'S AN IMPOSTOR. HE MUST BE A JERRY! WE OUGHT TO KNOW... THE REAL CAPTAIN HARBORD WAS IN CHARGE OF OUR DRAFT!

JANKERS IS RIGHT, SERGEANT. HE'S A PHONEY...AND HE WAS LEADING US IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!



SERGEANT CUTTING GLARED AT THE THREE MEN AND FOR A MOMENT, HIS DISTRUST OF THEM WRESTLED WITH THE EVIDENCE THEY GAVE HIM. THEN HE MADE HIS DECISION...

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D TAKE ADVICE FROM YOU THREE, BUT I'LL CHANCE MY ARM. WE'LL TIE HIM UP, GAG HIM, AND LEAVE HIM IN THE TUNNEL FOR WHEN WE COME BACK... AND I ONLY HOPE YOU LADS ARE RIGHT!



Chapter 4. HIT-AND-RUN RAID

SLIPPING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, THE RAIDERS APPROACHED THE FARM THAT WAS THE GERMAN H.Q. BUILDING. ONLY A SHORT STRETCH OF MEADOW SEPARATED THEM FROM IT WHEN THE SERGEANT GAVE THE SILENT SIGNAL TO CHARGE.



THEY WERE LESS THAN TWENTY YARDS FROM THE SENTRY BEFORE HE SENSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG...AND TURNED.

ACHTUNG!
ACHTUNG! GUARD...
TURN OUT!



HE ONLY GOT OFF ONE SHOT
BEFORE HE WAS CHARGED
DOWN AND AS THE *FELDWEBEL*
AND THE REST OF THE GUARD
CAME RUSHING OUT, THEY
WERE SWEEPED ASIDE...



BEFORE RUSHING INTO THE FARMHOUSE, THE RAIDERS TOSSED GRENADES INTO ALL THE DOWNSTAIR ROOMS IN THE FRONT...



THE CRASH OF THE MILLS BOMBS AND THE CRIES OF THE STARTLED ENEMY BROUGHT THE HEADQUARTERS INTO VIOLENT LIFE...



Tough As They Come

TAKING THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME, SERGEANT CUTTING, JANKERS AND CO. BURST INTO THE GENERAL'S ROOM...

DROP IT, SQUAREHEAD!

A PRUSSIAN OFFICER DOES NOT SURRENDER!

THE LUGER WAS AIMED POINT-BLANK AT SERGEANT CUTTING AND GENERAL ZIEGEN'S FINGER WAS TIGHTENING ON THE TRIGGER... AS JANKERS FIRED.

THE OTHER OFFICERS, TOO, HAD SNATCHED AT THEIR PISTOLS...AND THEY SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS THEIR LEADER..

THE GERMAN H.Q. DEFENCE FORCE FOUGHT STUBBORNLY, SCORNING SURRENDER, SO THERE WAS NO QUESTION OF TAKING BACK PRISONERS.

COME ON, LADS...THIS IS A HIT-AND-RUN RAID, REMEMBER. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK WHILE WE STILL HAVE TIME!



BUT JANKERS, BEING JANKERS, COULD NOT BEAR TO GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED. AFTER STUFFING A PAIR OF FIELD-GLASSES INTO HIS HAVERSACK, HE SPOTTED THE GERMAN GENERAL'S SANDWICHES AND SAUSAGE . . .

CHICKEN SANDWICHES! 'WASTE NOT, WANT NOT,' MY OLD MUM TAUGHT ME...



Tough As They Come

ALTHOUGH THE RAIDERS HAD STRUCK SWIFTLY, THE ODDS WERE STACKED HEAVILY AGAINST THEM, AND AS THEY RAN BACK TOWARDS THE VILLAGE, THEY FOUND THEIR WAY BARRED.



JANKERS, GINGER AND TINY WENT INTO THE FIGHT LIKE THE TIGHT, TOUGH LITTLE UNIT THEY WERE, BACKING EACH OTHER UP...



MEANWHILE, IN THE TUNNEL, SCHMIDT HAD COME TO AND HAD BEGUN TO WORK ON HIS BONDS WHICH WERE NOT AS TIGHT AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I'LL
BEAT THEM
YET!



AT LAST HE SUCCEEDED IN FREEING HIMSELF AND SCRAMBLING OUT, HE STUMBLED OFF INTO THE NIGHT, ONLY TO SHRINK BACK INTO THE SHADOWS AS THE FIRST OF THE RETURNING RAIDERS DASHED BY.



Tough As They Come

THE WAY CLEARED AND SCHMIDT TOOK TO HIS HEELS, MAKING TOWARDS THE GERMAN LINES, INTENT ON PUTTING A SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE BRITISH.



SCHMIDT RAN TOWARDS HIS FELLOW GERMANS, YELLING AS HE DID SO, BUT HIS FRIGHTENED SHOUTS WERE UNINTELLIGIBLE, AND TO THEM HE WAS JUST ANOTHER BRITISH OFFICER. A SCHMEISSER MACHINE-PISTOL CHATTERED... AND HE FELL.



ANOTHER BURST OF FIRING RANG OUT AND TINY SAW A KHAKI-CLAD FIGURE AT BAY...

LOOK!
THAT'S OLD
CUTTING...IN
A SPOT!

COME ON!
WE'LL HAVE TO
GO BACK FOR THE OLD
BLIGHTER.



SERGEANT CUTTING, WOUNDED IN THE LEG, WAS FIGHTING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE WHEN THE THREE STORMED ON THE SCENE...

OKAY,
SARN'T,
WE'RE WITH
YOU!

GOOD
LADS!



Tough As They Come

WHILE JANKERS AND GINGER HELD OFF THE GERMANS, TINY PICKED UP THE SERGEANT LIKE A BABY AND MADE FOR THE VILLAGE...



ONLY WHEN THEY KNEW TINY MUST BE NEAR THE TUNNEL DID JANKERS AND GINGER BEAT A RETREAT...



AFTER A NIGHTMARE TREK THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE TUNNEL, THE EXHAUSTED SURVIVORS OF THE RAID REACHED THE RAVINE, EACH MAN HELPING HIS NEIGHBOUR FOR FEW HAD COME THROUGH UNSCATHED. THERE, THE AMERICANS TOOK OVER...

THAT THE LAST OF YOU BOYS? WE'RE GOING TO LAY A FEW OF THESE MINES UP THE TUNNEL, AND THEN SEAL IT OFF!

YES... WE'RE THE LAST THAT WILL BE COMING BACK!

AS SERGEANT CUTTING WAS BEING CARRIED AWAY ON A STRETCHER, HE CALLED TO JANKERS AND CO... AND FOR A MOMENT, THE OLD HARSHNESS WAS MISSING FROM HIS VOICE...

YOU LADS SAVED MY LIFE... AND I WON'T FORGET IT! YOU'RE STILL THREE OF THE WORST TROUBLE-MAKERS IN THE WESSEX... BUT YOU'RE THREE OF THE BEST FIGHTERS, TOO!

THANKS, SARGE. YOU'RE NOT SO BAD YOURSELF... FOR A SECOND BATTALION MAN!

Tough As They Come

BEING THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW THE AREA OF THE RAID, THE THREE WERE RUSHED OFF THROUGH THE NIGHTLY GERMAN BLITZ FOR A SPECIAL INTERROGATION AT BRIGADE H.Q.



OUTSIDE BRIGADE H.Q. THE BATTLE-SCARRED RAIDERS HAD A WORD WITH THE MILITARY POLICEMAN...



CRUSTY? WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY CALL HIM 'TIGER' LOCKWOOD FOR? HE'S A HOLY TERROR! THE SORT THAT IF YOU'VE JUST LOST YOUR ARM EXPECTS YOU TO STAND UP STRAIGHT AND SALUTE WITH THE OTHER ONE!



GENERAL 'TIGER' LOCKWOOD EYED THE DIRT-STREAKED MEN PIERCINGLY...

JUST GOT BACK, EH? WHERE'S THE OFFICER IN COMMAND?



HE WAS KILLED, SIR. BUT HE TURNED OUT TO BE A GERMAN, ANYWAY.

AS JANKERS EXPLAINED, THE BRIGADIER LISTENED IN GROWING AMAZEMENT. BUT HIS ICY GAZE NEVER WAVERED FROM THE PRIVATE'S FACE.

HMM...AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY! NOW...WHERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS?

THE JERRIES FOUGHT TO THE LAST, SIR. WE WEREN'T ABLE TO TAKE ANY PRISONERS.



Tough As They Come

A BELLOW OF FURIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT BURST FROM 'TIGER' LOCKWOOD.

NO PRISONERS? THEN THE RAID WAS A FAILURE! IT'S MAIN PURPOSE WAS TO GET INFORMATION. NOW WE ARE JUST WHERE WE STARTED.



THEN THE BRIGADIER'S FLINTY STARE FASTENED ON JANKERS' BULGING HAVERSACK, AND HE MADE JANKERS EMPTY THE CONTENTS ON TO THE TABLE...

AS I THOUGHT! YOU WERE MORE INTERESTED IN LOOTING THAN IN TAKING PRISONERS!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, SIR. I JUST SORT OF PICKED THEM UP!



ANOTHER FIERY TIRADE TREMBLED ON THE GENERAL'S LIPS... THEN HIS EYES BULGED AND HE GAVE A LOUD EJACULATION...

THESE SANDWICHES... LOOK WHAT THEY'RE WRAPPED IN!



FUMBLING IN HIS EAGERNESS, THE 'TIGER' SPREAD OUT THE WRAPPING AND EXAMINED IT. HIS VOICE WAS HUSHED IN WONDER AS HE SHOWED IT TO HIS BRIGADE MAJOR.

LOOK AT THIS, REDFERN! IT'S A MAP SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITION AND STRENGTH OF EVERY GERMAN UNIT FACING US... AND THEY ARE CONCENTRATING, BY JINGO! WHY, THIS IS WORTH A REGIMENT OF PRISONERS!



THE THREE TOUGH PRIVATES COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES WHEN THEY SAW THAT 'TIGER' LOCKWOOD WAS SMILING... OR AS NEAR SMILING AS HE EVER GOT.

YOU CHAPS HAVE DONE EXCELLENT WORK... AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET DECORATED FOR THIS! YOU'RE A CREDIT TO YOUR REGIMENT!



Tough As They Come

AT NOON THAT DAY, EVERY GUN IN THE BEACH-HEAD AND EVERY WARSHIP IN THE BAY OPENED UP WITH DEADLY ACCURACY ON THE SECRET GERMAN CONCENTRATIONS, BATTERIES AND SUPPLY DUMPS AND THREE ROUGHNECK PRIVATES WATCHED THE TERRIBLE BARRAGE WITH SOMETHING LIKE AWE...

CRUMBS!
THAT WAS US
STARTED THAT
FIREWORK
DISPLAY!

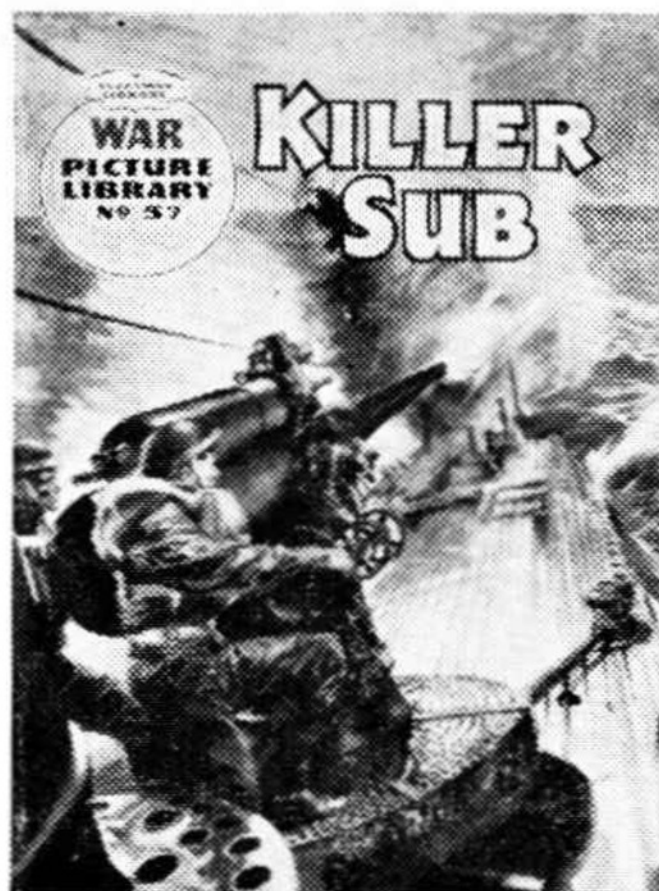
YEAH!
THIS MORNIN' THE
C.O. ACTUALLY SAID HE
WAS PROUD OF
US!

BLOKES,
WE'RE NEVER
GOING TO LIVE
THIS DOWN... WE'VE
LOST OUR GOOD
NAMES!

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